



MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

MAY
1939





MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,200.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, N. Y. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC. That of the Maryknoll Sisters is THE FOREIGN MISSION SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC, INC.

THE FIELD AFAR

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Our Cover

A Manchu Mary smiles
'neath her Japanese
parasol.

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His Holiness, Pope Pius XII

MARCH OF THE MISSIONS

ADVENTURE

When Dunstan Sargent was eighteen, he was a trooper in the British Hussars; but later he rose to the rank of Staff Sergeant, while serving in Zululand and in South Africa. Then he became a Dominican, and after his ordination Father Dunstan saw four years' foreign-mission service in the West Indies. Recalled as a chaplain in the World War, he served in Macedonia, France, and Flanders.



His biggest adventure was experienced on his way back from the West Indies during the war. His ship was torpedoed three hundred miles off Ireland. His life

boat, faultily launched, was caught in the vortex caused by the sinking ship and capsized. Father Sargent kept afloat for twelve hours in a stormy sea till rescued.

Now the Reverend Dunstan Sargent, O.P., of Holy Cross Priory, Leicester, has been appointed to his Order's mission at Multan, Punjab, India. And so he starts another chapter of an adventurous career.

HOW MANY?

How many Catholics in Pagan Lands? So many persons seem to be under the strange impression that Catholics number only a few thousand in the Orient that we feel it quite in order to note the following:

Catholics in Asia	16,412,070
Catholics in Africa	6,794,951
Catholics in Oceania	2,557,903

While this is only a small fraction of the total population in these sections of the world, the steady increase of Catholics will make this number ever more impressive.

SOCIAL NOTE

The Society Editor in Nyasaland, Africa, has a problem on his (or her) hands in describing the attire of "among those present." Of a congregation in the Limbe Cathedral the scribe says: "Among them were to be seen women of the Anguru and Anyanja tribes, with their upper lips stretched out over tin plates; Yaone women with ebony buttons coated with ivory perforating their left nostrils; Angoni women with palm leaves tattooed on their cheeks. The babies squeaked lustily at the sight

of the cathedral verger, wearing an old French Admiral's uniform and striving with the aid of a drumstick to maintain order and enforce silence. The men were dressed in their Sunday best, with little sticks thrust through the lobes of their ears."

All had come to attend the ordination and first Masses of two of their own youths.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

"Many have been the calls on the charity of the missions these days," writes a Maryknoll missionary in South China. "We have tried to help somewhat, but only Our Lord can meet the situation. When He was upon earth He provided personally for the needs of the multitude; to-day He does it through the charity of the members of His mystical body. Every Catholic who comes to the aid of his less fortunate brethren is taking the place of Christ Himself in his work of mercy. There is nothing in which it is easier for us poor humans to be Christlike than in showing this mercy to others."

IN FIVE YEARS

Sixty-three thousand five hundred new Catholics in five years is the glorious record made by the Oblate Fathers of Canada in the South African Missions of Basutoland.

Eight years ago there were 29 missionary priests, 4 Brothers, and 2 Sisters. Today their ranks number 80 priests, 40 Brothers, and 169 Sisters, with Christians totaling 154,042.

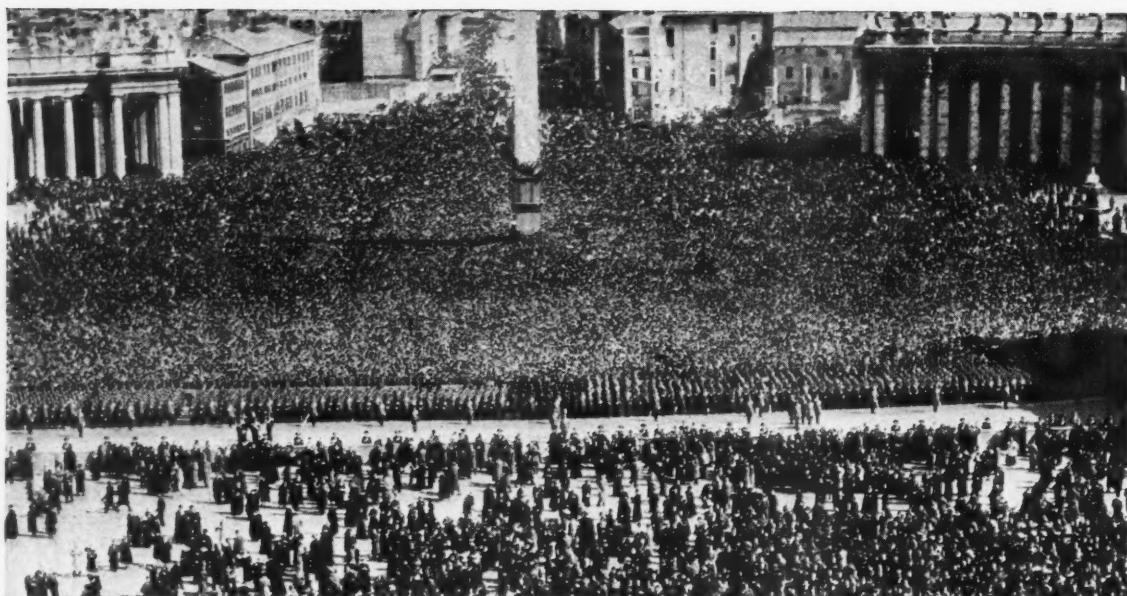
FIJI ISLAND BROADCAST

Two hundred miles distant from the Catholic Island of Futuna in Oceania lies another Catholic isle, Wallis. Until recently the only communication possible between these two was a small steamer that crossed the intervening stretch of sea three times a year.

This state of almost complete isolation was brought to an end recently when a wireless telephone was installed by the authorities; and the Wallis Islanders were enabled



to listen to a speech by Tamole, the Catholic ruler of Futuna. The address, followed by native music, was broadcast from the Fiji Islands Radio Station. It can only be hoped, now, that the Fijians won't pick up their civilized brethren's swing bands, or the other attendant ills of a super-advertised "civilization."



A POPE IS CROWNED

I BRING you tidings of great joy: we have a Pope—the Most Eminent and the Most Reverend Eugene Pacelli, who has chosen for himself the name of Pius XII,” said the dean of the Cardinal Deacons as he announced to the world the election of Our Holy Father.

Not only in Europe and the Americas was this word received with great rejoicing, but even from the farthest bounds of the earth—from Asia, Africa, and the Indies—echoed the glad cry of congratulations. The world, for at least that day, was one in the joy that emanated from hearts which were seeking a new champion for the peace of the world.

THE coronation day of the two hundred and sixty-second Father of Christendom dawned with weather gloriously bright and with skies serene but the air already tense with the hurried, anxious step of walking thousands. Half an hour before the time set, the basilica of St. Peter's was filled to the last two-foot space that could hold a human being, and the

area outside slowly began absorbing the gathering masses, which by one o'clock numbered half a million.

All that is supremely beautiful seemed to have rendezvous within the greatest cathedral of Christendom at

the Holy Father's coronation. For the eye there was the majestic pile of the edifice itself, there was the color of the great procession, there were the lighted faces of the wrapt onlookers, the rhythmic progress of the hundreds participating in the five-hour



“By this sacred tiara know that thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, Rector of the World, and Vicar on Earth of Our Lord Jesus Christ.”

ceremony, the profound dignity of the central figure of the drama, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. For the ear there were the silver trumpets, the monastery choir from Saint Anselm's, the rich tapestry of voices which form the Sistine choir, the exultant roars of the gathered thousands whose cry was like mountains of devotion rising heavenward, and, finally, the mellow, meaningful cadences of the chanted and spoken prayers of the new Sovereign Pontiff.

TO those who have been privileged to know the new incumbent of the papacy, the function of the coronation took on particular beauty, for the depth of his piety, the candor of his soul, the genuine humility and distinct other-worldliness of his character, heightened the significance of each great act.

For the missionary, the coronation ceremony was strikingly apt, since the note of the universality of the Church was touched on constantly. Even familiar lines in the Mass prayers took on tremendous meaning, as one felt that His Holiness carved out each phrase with the care of an artist at his marble and with all the powers of his being gave them the fullness of their significance. *Adveniat regnum tuum* — "Thy Kingdom come" — he sang in the *Pater Noster*, and in his voice was plaintive yearning almost to the point of a sob.

The high-water mark of the day came at that indescribable moment when, the triple tiara on his head, His Holiness rose from his throne and, a tall, slim figure in white with the gold above, raised his hand in benediction. His blessing went out to the half million gathered before him, to the millions who listened over the air, to all mankind. Here was the Vicar of Christ acting for Christ over the world.

IN the long line of Supreme Pontiffs, and particularly in our own generation, the name of Pius has a connotation of great sanctity, fearlessness, and abiding protection. It was a Pius whose prayers routed the Turks at Lepanto and saved the Christian civilization of Europe; it was an-



The Holy Father could look upon a veritable sea of upturned faces.

other Pius who from his Napoleonic prison defied the mighty Emperor with the words: "I must obey God rather than man." It was the beloved Pius X who withstood the anti-clericals of Italy, France, and Portugal; and our late Holy Father, Pius XI,

who thrilled the world with his intrepid courage through nearly two decades of recurring crises.

Pius is a name of strength and peace. Through His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, may the prayer of his predecessor be realized to the fullest: that the world may be filled with the peace of Christ through the reign of Christ the King.

I a missionary priest or nun !
Why not? Think it over.



A young student at Maryknoll's Junior Seminary, Akron, takes a last look before class.

Vocation Pathway

Rev. Charles F. McCarthy

to lead a holier life. When a young man with this desire finds pleasure in reading about the missions and listens enthusiastically to the personal experiences of missionaries, it looks as if God wants that boy for His work among the heathen.

Youth is brave, heroic, generous, and self-sacrificing in not pausing to ask, "What am I going to get out of this?" Youth is even reckless in not pausing to ask the cost. No real boy is interested in doing something easy; if it isn't hard, it's not worth his try. The vocations of most boys have grown on stories of mission difficulties which were told with all their humor.

Divine grace is firing many American young men with a desire to be apostles in heathen lands. The youths who apply for admission to Maryknoll have a holy ambition to save souls and a special attraction to do so on the foreign missions. They are imbued with a spirit of sacrifice and prayer; they have strength of mind with at least average talent and perseverance in study, and strength of body to put their shoulder to the work ahead. They have a good sense of humor and easy adaptability to varying conditions and customs.

These young men smile when others speak of the missionary's sacrifice, because they properly count the sacri-

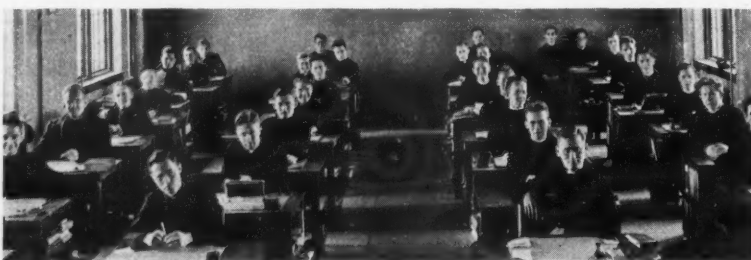
IT happened ten years ago, and he will be ordained in three years more.

Ed was born and raised among the Rocky Mountains near the Great Divide. The boys called him "Handy." Young Ed learned to use his hands quickly enough to menace the records of the topnotch contenders at the "Golden Gloves" boxing contests and to use them delicately enough to sketch a portrait or paint a picture that would arrest the eye of an artist. One afternoon he was returning home from the college campus with a teammate after a football game. At a bus-transfer point their ways parted. As Ed stood at the curb, someone tossed from a passing bus a magazine, folded and crumpled, that landed at his feet. It was *THE FIELD AFAR*. On the homeward ride, Ed learned of Maryknoll and its work. Two years later he enrolled as a student for the foreign missions.

The steady flow of American life overseas, through the stream that is

Maryknoll, receives its increase and continued vitality from widely separated sources from coast to coast. More often than not, the original seed of a vocation is planted in a way as surprising and in a manner as unexpected as was the vocation of "Handy" Ed. God gives the vocation, but the consciousness of that vocational seed must be sown by some human being; one should not expect an angel to be the messenger.

The first sign of a vocation is usually a desire to work for God and



Divine grace is firing many American young men with a desire to be apostles in heathen lands.



The steady flow of American life overseas receives its vitality from many sources.

fice as nothing. They consider, rather, the privilege of working for God and of saving souls.

No young man finds it easy to join the stream of Maryknoll missionaries that flows overseas in its endeavor "to preach the Gospel to every creature." There are decisions to be made, resolves to be determined, doubts to be ironed out, and heart strings to be cut, but once the decision is made all difficulties vanish, and peace and happiness fill the soul.

There are other obstacles to hurdle. In fact, if the way is smooth and the incipient missionary does not meet objections, opposition, and difficulties in trying to follow Christ, he would do well to give the matter more consideration in order to be sure that he is not making a mistake.

Not every one can expect to have the obstacles cleared from his path as easily as they were from Joe's path.

In 1918 Joe was a young boy studying in the junior department of a western seminary. For two years he had been trying to join Maryknoll, but there were difficulties and opposition over which he had no control. The first band of Maryknoll missionaries on their way to China visited the seminary where Joe was studying, and Father Price addressed the students. Joe's confessor called him aside and suggested that he speak to Father Price privately. Father Price listened kindly to Joe's story of the obstacles

which prevented him from joining Maryknoll immediately. When Joe finished Father Price said, "Make your plans to go to Maryknoll, apply for admission, and I will pray away the opposition and the difficulties."

No one but Father Price, Joe, and his confessor knew of the conversation. Yet in two weeks the difficulties vanished, and the opposition

turned to encouragement. Joe is now a Maryknoll missionary.

The young man who feels the divine urge to devote his life to the apostolate overseas should pray frequently and earnestly to the Holy Ghost for enlightenment, and he should discuss his vocation freely with his confessor, who is best able to guide him on so important a matter.



Not a few Maryknollers in foreign fields once participated in such a scrimmage at home.



Father Gerard A. Donovan, who was buried at Maryknoll just a year ago

MONSIGNOR BYRNE, of Washington, D.C., our Prefect Apostolic in Kyoto, Japan, recalls the arrival in Japan, just a year ago, of the box containing the mortal remains of Reverend Gerard A. Donovan, slain in Manchukuo. Monsignor gives us his recollections of the young martyr priest:

"It was a plain wooden box we were seeking. In the vast warehouse of magnificent distances, teeming with the business of life, noisy with steamdores and their trucks, we had need of a guide to find it. Though only a plain wooden box, here it did not properly belong. For was not this vast temple to Mammon, while in the box lay a soldier of Christ?

"We found it in a remote corner; and there Father Tom, a missionary from South China, who had come overseas to give his brother, Father Jerry, this late tribute of love, read the special prayers of Mother Church, his two companions making the responses. It was all very simple indeed, precisely as Jerry himself would have liked it.

"To one of the three there came the picture of the tow-haired, smiling, blue-eyed youngster of fourteen, the slim chap with the snappy step and the alert poise, who came to the Maryknoll college near Scranton, some twenty years ago, to see what life there had to offer a fellow preparing for the foreign missions.

"We soon found that Jerry was

the all-round boy, who fits naturally and easily into the several routines of college life. In the chapel he made no show of piety to seem devoutly at home in his Father's house. In classes he was at the top, easily but not consciously, nor even with the slightest intimation of capacity beyond his fellows. Study ended, none more gladly forsook the books for ball field or pond.

"Challenge, too, he found in the manual labor. To a range of mechanical competence astonishing in one of his years, Jerry added endearing cheerfulness in accepting any assignment whatsoever, and an unfailing sense of responsibility in seeing the thing through.

"What a splendid foundation whereon to build the supernatural structure of the missionary priest! Jerry, indeed, showed no extraordinary sign of sanctity. Those extraordinary chaps in a seminary are the ones that worry the directors! But the reverential faith that bespoke his home training flowered most beautifully in the serenity of his vocation, in the matured confidence that calmly ignored any selfish urge to doubt the call, in the unruffled content with which he met the irksome restrictions of seminary life, and in his unblem-

ished record during eleven long years of preparation for the priesthood.

"At length came ordination, assignment to Manchukuo, and a priestly apostolate that fully justified our expectations of Father Jerry. His sixth year of busy and fruitful mission work found his laugh as merry and as ready as ever, and his heart quick with the ready kindness of a good shepherd to render the courtesy of Christ to all."



Memorial cross in Fushun, Manchukuo, from which place Father Donovan was taken by bandits. The Chinese pause in prayer for the young priest's soul.

Bad Start — Happy Ending

FATHER SWIFT, of Baltimore, Maryland, has had much experience working among the Japanese, not only in the Orient but also at our Los Angeles mission, from which he sends the autobiography of a zealous convert. The excerpts given here are inspiring:

"In our village of Komura, Nippon, not much could have happened to excite us. Even a fire was rare, because a penalty was put upon the householder found guilty of carelessness. But occasionally life's monotony had a break. One evening a rumor went the rounds that an American Protestant missionary was coming to preach Christianity. Now, our four hundred people found it hard enough to support our temple, and here was a preacher of a foreign religion, which we neither liked nor wanted, coming in to start another place of worship. Right there and then we hit upon a scheme to 'welcome' the missionary. I and the other members of the local fire squad filled our handpumps with filthy water from the fields and stood ready. As soon as the visitor arrived we turned them on him. The shower proved too much for the poor man; he beat a hasty retreat and never returned.

"Could the shame of this unworthy deed ever be taken away? Such a thought hardly entered my mind at the time, for about then I was engrossed with another idea, America, the land of promise. I decided to go. With several companions of like purpose, I boarded a vessel and, commending ourselves to Buddha, we set out to seek our fortunes. Landing in Alaska, I obtained employment at a lumber camp. For sixteen years I labored at different jobs, from Alaska to Utah. Then I wandered into California and took with me a spirit of irreligion, in consequence of my evil associations.

"I got along well and was satisfied until, as I was nearing my fifty-fifth birthday, a paralytic stroke affected me in body and soul. Companions of past years stayed away from me; my improvidence left me without resources, and I had to accept public charity. I started praying, but it was for death to come and take me. But this was not to be, and I was placed in the county home for old folks, 'The Farm.'

ONCE when I had a free day, I left 'The Farm' to visit in Los Angeles. As I was turning a corner I noticed a Japanese Sister. I would have passed on, but she spoke to me in my native tongue, and impulsively I followed her into a Catholic church. With the aid of a prayerbook loaned me, I learned something of the Mass and received my first appreciation of Christian doctrine and devotion.

"That remains a day of happy memories, for what I learned helped to dispel the clouds of prejudice and suspicion, burdens which had lain heavily upon my soul. Yes, that day was providential in my life. Back at 'The Farm' that night sleep was easy because of the peace which had come to me. Study ripened into understanding and appreciation: I wished to give myself to God. My hopes were realized when, on December twenty-



For sixteen years I labored at different jobs, from Alaska to Utah.

fourth, I stood among the catechumens for Baptism, and the next day, Christmas, received my first Communion. Then six months later I knelt before the bishop to be confirmed and enriched with a new grace."

There ends James Paul's story about himself. His new life, which brought him many consolations, gave also the joy of opening a vista of happiness to others by telling them what the Catholic Church was and what eternity would bring. Six years after his conversion he gave up his soul to God.



AH SAM, THE HARD-LUCK MAN

A true story of prosaic Cathay, by Vincent Renian

NO affection in Chinese marriages? Oh, but there is. Take, for instance, the case of Ah Sam." And the old chaplain began another of his stories while his audience, a young convalescent missionary, settled himself comfortably to enjoy it.

"Wong Ah Sam, although endowed with a robust body and active mind, was known to his fellows, the wharf coolies, as a 'hard-luck artist.' When any misfortune occurred, it usually happened to him.

"Like most Chinese boys, he was espoused to a baby girl of a neighboring family in his infancy. Then banditry ravaged his village, and the entire family of his little fiancée was wiped out. Again his father espoused him to another baby girl. This time the West River went on a rampage, and his own father was one of the victims when the village of mud houses was obliterated. His elder uncle sold his mother to a far-off village, whereupon the family of his latest fiancée called off the espousals for he no longer had any material prospect in life. A third time he was espoused, to a slave girl in his uncle's household, but later she succumbed to smallpox. After that it was evident that he must be possessed of an unlucky devil. He acquired a reputation for bad luck.

AH SAM eventually drifted into the large city to find work as a coolie, unloading boats and carrying the cargo on his back to nearby warehouses. Despite frequent accidents, by sheer force of character he slowly got ahead.

"But there came a day in his late teens when Ah Sam's luck veered a bit. It was the day when he got a

job. Now, the site of the job—directly opposite the gate of the orphanage—was very important. As the building on which he worked grew in height, Ah Sam could look down on the houses, chapel, and beautiful garden with the hospital on the far side of the campus. He often watched the children, the Sisters, and the older girls, and listened to glowing praise from the other workmen about the Sisters' charity. Imagine, they even took in the poor without asking for payment!

ONE evening, Ah Sam shyly and curiously wandered into the compound. Others were there enjoying the cool shade and quiet, and no one took his intrusion amiss. A few of the girls carried on their duties without noticing the visitor. As one lass started away from the well with two heavy buckets of water slung from either end of the carrying-pole on her shoulder, the rope broke, the buckets fell, and she was deluged with water. Ah Sam laughed, and his mirth was echoed by the girl. She looked up, and their eyes met, momentarily. Quickly recovering her poise, the girl departed, but not before something else happened to Ah Sam. He never thought of trying to analyze it—but quite definitely the girl interested him.

"The days passed—but not so Ah Sam's interest in the water girl.

"Where are the families of these girls?" he asked one of his fellow

workmen.

"They have no families. Some become Sisters, but most of them marry local Chinese who belong to the foreign religion," was the reply.

"But suppose someone like me would like to marry one of them?" persisted Ah Sam.

"That would be difficult, even for a boss coolie. One must have a family, secure recommendations, and be introduced. Above all, one must enter the foreign religion."

"Just my luck!" Poor Ah Sam was inconsolable.

THEN it happened! A fierce typhoon struck the building under construction, and Ah Sam, the hard-luck man, was almost buried under the bricks and stone. They carried him across the street to the hospital, where he was found to have a broken leg.

"Much to his surprise, Ah Sam found that the Sisters could talk Chinese, and he became something of a pest, for he was eternally asking Sister Ann, in charge of his ward, all about the place and about the foreign religion. His inquiries seemed so sincere that she finally sent me to him. During the weeks of convalescence Ah Sam learned much about the Christian Faith and asked for Baptism. With naught else to do but study the catechism, he soon passed the examination, and when he could move from the ward on crutches he was made a child of God.

"All this time, while Ah Sam secretly lamented his misfortune, he worried not so much about his accident as about the lost opportunities to see the girl who was ever in his mind. He finally got up enough courage to ask me about the orphan girls. Could he buy one for a wife?

MOTHERS' DAY

could be the happiest day for you and your mother (living or dead) through Perpetual Membership with Maryknoll missionaries. See page 160.

"'Certainly not!' I said. 'No girl of the orphanage is married unless she is entirely willing.'

"'Some more of my bad luck!' said Ah Sam. 'But, Father, it is contrary to Chinese custom to talk to a lass directly about marriage.'

"'Oh, that's easily arranged,' I assured him. 'Any good Catholic lad may secure an introduction to the Sisters, who will inquire if someone is interested. Several usually are, in the hope of securing a fine Catholic husband. They know how to work, too, to perform customary domestic tasks—and they are loyal. What about yourself, Ah Sam, why don't you marry and have a home?'

"'Poor Ah Sam was breathless. No, this couldn't be his luck. Something must be wrong. Oh, yes, the dream girl would refuse to have anything to do with him. Desperately, he told me of the girl at the well. Would I inquire of the Sisters if she would consider his proposal?'

"'We can try,' I said.

AH SAM spent the next few days in misery. His bad luck would not down—it was sure to wreck his one-sided romance, he thought.

"'Later I invited him to the orphanage to meet the Sister in charge.

"'What is the name of the girl in whom you are interested?' she asked.

"'Ai yah!' moaned Ah Sam. 'I have no idea of her name. I've never spoken a word to her. She doesn't know I exist.'

"'Well, can you point her out or describe her?'

"'Then he related the incident of the broken rope at the well. When she heard his description, the Sister smiled.

"'You mean Maleia. She is a good girl, with a mind of her own. Although twenty years old, she has never yet been attracted to any of the many eligible Catholic young men who have spoken for her. We shall send for her.'

"'In a few moments Maleia appeared, eyes downcast, without a sign of emotion. The Sister explained Ah Sam's proposal, during which that embarrassed young man very much desired to run away. Would Maleia

MAY DAY

will be a RED-letter day for some missionary if you sponsor him. See page 158.

wish to become acquainted with Ah Sam?

"'Yes,' murmured Maleia.

"'Ah Sam couldn't believe his ears. He hardly heard the rest of it. The Sister and I explained to Maleia all about Ah Sam. He was poor, a convert, an honest and energetic worker. Would she be willing to become his bride?'

"'Again from Maleia came the word Ah Sam most wished to hear, 'Yes!'

"'And so it was arranged. A few months later they were married in the orphanage chapel.

IT was hard for Ah Sam to believe his good fortune. One day he

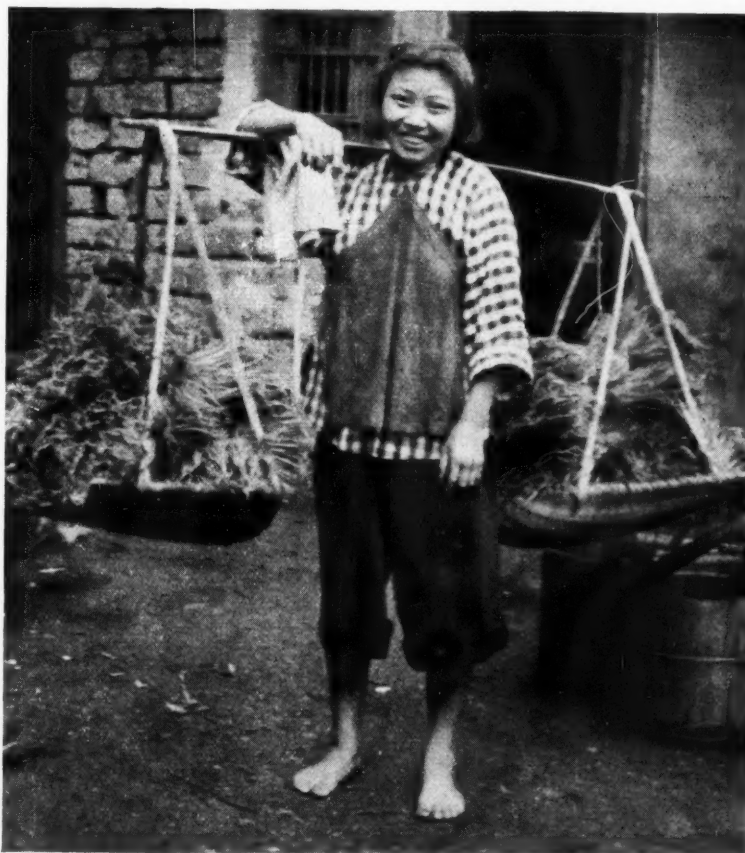
asked Maleia, 'Why did you agree when you didn't even know me?'

"'But I did know you. I remember you from, first of all, at the well; and then I frequently saw you in the garden or on the street. I made inquiries from the old woman in the orphanage. I watched you work high up on the building. When you were hurt and they took you to the hospital, I inquired about you every day from the servants.

"'Finally, the chaplain came to me, for you had described me to him. I was very happy, for I knew by the look in your eyes that first time at the well. I knew, too, by the way you strolled around our compound, and when you purposely sought occasion to pass me on the street.'

"'But you never once looked at me,' declared the amazed Ah Sam.

"'That's what you thought!' laughed Maleia."



A lass with two loads slung from either end of a carrying pole

MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



MAY—the month of Mary—brings special devotion to Our Lady all over the world. Following the tradition of Maryknoll, our missionaries, spread throughout the Orient, will erect their May shrines, drawing all clients to the patronage of the Mother of God. Pray with us that the Queen of Peace may bring peace to all lands, thus drawing her children everywhere to a greater union with her Divine Son.

THE proposed feast of *Christ the Worker* would bring a new ideal to the teeming mass of laborers one meets with in every part of the Far East. To know that the Son of God labored to earn bread “in the sweat of His brow” would give a new incentive to those who labor “all the night” in the darkness of paganism. Christ sanctified labor and brought it to a high estate. His example would do much to raise up the souls of those who as yet know Him not.

IF in the counsel of His Will God has brought us to the beginning of this day, He will save those who will salvation, so that we may not turn aside into sin, but rather that our words, our thoughts, and our actions may be directed unto the making of His Justice.

As did Saint Therese of Lisieux, we can make a meaningful act out of each significant duty of our life.

When such acts are applied to the salvation of immortal souls, we are enhancing their value infinitely.

Hearts imbued with a thirst for souls, in the exuberance of their devotion, are always thinking up better ways of performing each duty and enriching it with the gift of themselves.

THE great Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, once said: “There are two centers in the world from which the light of faith and of the Church ought to be diffused through the world: the one, Rome; and the other, the center of the vastest Empire to be found on earth—England . . . [Yet] seeing that we need priests for our own country, we must send them to the strangers. The number and zeal of our priests, their success and works, will be in proportion to our liberality in giving of that which we have received.”

A few years later England's first Foreign Mission Society was founded, and English missionaries in great numbers went off to the farthestmost bounds of the earth. The result in conversions at home was at first slow, but of late so great has become the number returning to the “Faith of our Fathers” that the Holy See urges the faithful of the world to pray during May for the intention that the number of missionaries may increase among the Catholics of England.

IN lasting tribute to a pioneer mission bishop, Columbia College, Dubuque, has changed its name to Loras College. The new title was selected by Most Reverend Francis J. L. Beckman, Archbishop of Dubuque, as a memorial to Bishop Mathias Loras, who, in 1839, founded the seminary out of which grew the present-day college.

Columbia College for many years has had a traditional interest in Mary-

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for May, 1939:

That the number of missionaries may increase among the Catholics in England.

knoll, having already contributed nineteen of its students to the ranks of Maryknoll missionaries. The faculty, including the retiring president, Monsignor Thomas Conry, and his successor, Very Reverend Michael J. Martin, have encouraged the mission spirit in their institution, with an interest in Maryknoll that has been much appreciated. Perhaps Loras College can trace much of its unusual mission spirit not only to the broad vision of the present Archbishop of Dubuque and his priests, but to the spirit of Bishop Loras as well.

IT has been appreciatively noted that both Chinese and Japanese authorities not only have followed suggestions made by Catholic missionaries concerning neutral territories in the war-torn areas, but also have shown a consideration for the Catholic priests and Sisters laboring there. A group of journalists asked recently why such a friendly attitude had been adopted towards the missionaries, says the Catholic *Shimbun*, and a reply from Nagoya answered in the following five points:

1. We can not help recognizing the powerful influence of the Catholic Church, a Church whose adherents are willing to undergo martyrdom in a time of persecution.
2. Catholic mission congregations and missionaries rise above political questions.
3. The Catholic religion is a world religion. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and so forth, are limited to the Orient.
4. The Catholic Church with the Pope at its head has taken a clear stand.
5. Due to their long sojourn in the Far East, Catholic missionaries are conversant with matters connected with these countries. They live celibate lives and are animated with a spirit of sacrifice. They meet danger courageously and do not leave their flocks in the lurch.

Eloquent testimony, this, from officials who can hardly be suspected of bias in favor of the Church.

REST not, but raise up your voice like a trumpet." The late Holy Father said that the thought of the millions who know not God disturbed his repose, and that these words just quoted came again and again in his meditations. As the soul surpasses the body, heaven the earth, eternity time, so does this work of evangelization surpass all other works of charity.

For its success, constant prayer is necessary, and the habit of prayer for missions must be fostered in the faithful, that God may send out more missionaries and bless their labors. The industry, the martyrdom, of the heralds of the Gospel will be in vain unless God touches the hearts of the heathen.



A MAY ANNIVERSARY

WHEN Bishop Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll, was in Rome last year, he was greeted by a group of Oriental students now in attendance at the Propaganda College. These students represent four of the Maryknoll Missions in China, Korea, and Japan, and will return to their native lands, after their ordination, to work with Maryknollers in the field. The students sent a letter to Bishop Walsh before he left the Eternal City. The original, written in a neat hand, was in faultless Latin; a translation is given below. The seminarians represented are: Anthony Hong, Kongmoon, South China; Paul Laam, Kaying, South China; Father Tomiwaza (ordained), Kyoto, Japan; Louis Kim and Timothy Paak, Peng Yang, Korea.

Your Excellency:

We are very happy to see you again in the shadow of St. Peter's. The fact that you are with us this year in the month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, suggests to us the intimate relation between Maryknoll, the Blessed Virgin, and Rome. Your congregation was founded by two great men who were possessed of an exceptional devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Holy Mother Church. Under the direction of Rome, and through the protecting care of Mary, the mustard seed which they planted and watered grew from day to day and is now become a



CHI-RHO
(Key-Roe)

Chi (X) and Rho (P) are the first two letters in the Greek word XPISTOS (Christ). The circle represents the world. "Bringing Christ to all the world" is the Maryknoll significance.

tree in whose branches many find shelter and rest. Those two have already received the crown of justice after completing their mission on earth. Into your keeping they have entrusted their congregation. We know that your mission experience of many years has prepared you for prudent leadership of Christ's soldiers who preach the Gospel in many lands.



May Queen

Of all human undertakings, if any work excel, it is the preaching of our Holy Faith; if there be any work to rejoice the heart of man, it is this same work of spreading the Gospel. Your faith and your works abound: we are their fruit; our presence as students here in Rome bespeaks their achievement.

We then rejoice especially in this your visit today, because eleven years ago this very day, on the island where Saint Francis Xavier completed the course of this life, you were consecrated Bishop. The place and the time chosen for your episcopal consecration gave then an inkling of your most secret and greatest desire, namely, that being dedicated wholly to the Queen of Apostles, you should be able to imitate Saint Francis Xavier in laboring for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. Today is then for us a day of joy and happy remem-

brance. We thought of you at Holy Mass this morning, and now we wish to express the joy and gratitude of our hearts for your presence among us, and to wish you every grace and blessing.

Your students.

MOTHER OF MISSIONS

AT one time or another new missionaries of the Gospel in foreign lands have been faced with a problem: How will it be possible to instruct those aged men and women who cannot read? But in every instance the oldsters solved the question themselves by their deep understanding of Our Lady and the problems, so similar to their own, that confronted her throughout the life of Jesus.

The crib of Christmas morn, with Mother and Divine Babe surrounded by poverty and the simple beasts of the field; the flight from enemies into Egypt; the prophecy of Simeon—in all these they understand and appreciate a mother's anxiety and love. It is easy, then, to pass on to love of that Mother and Son, from the first miracle of Cana to the cross on Golgotha, where they find Mary kneeling beneath the cross of Jesus. They see her again amid the first missionaries in the Upper Room, awaiting the coming of the Holy Ghost, and following that event they find her encouraging the departing apostles and strengthening their labors with her prayers.

No one understands better than the simple peasant farmer of the Orient—and his wife—that Jesus has given His own Mother to be theirs, and night after night they gather in the mud huts of China and Korea, or the more worthy chapels of Japan and India, to raise their voices in rosary, in litany, and in hymns to their Mother Queen.

To love Jesus and to save souls is a privilege we share with Our Lady of the Missions. May the month of Mary find all Christian souls united with her and with the prayer of the Church that all peoples of all nations may come to know and love the Savior of mankind through Mary, the Mother of Jesus and our Mother.

—F.J.K.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL MADONNAS

WE won't begin by asking you how old you are. That's a too-delicate question — over here. In China, it's different. Over there, "How old are you?" is a perfectly proper question in the most polite society. In fact, when you meet a Chinese for the first time, that is usually the second question asked, following upon "Have you eaten your rice today?" — the Chinese way of saying "How do you do?"

What has all this to do with Maryknoll Madonnas?

What we really want to ask is whether you are an "old" or a "new" friend of Maryknoll. Because, if you happen to have been a subscriber to *THE FIELD AFAR* for a few years back, you probably asked yourself when you opened this page, "Where have I seen these pictures before?"

We'll help with the answer—"On the covers of this magazine." The three pictures on this page have all appeared as cover designs for *THE FIELD AFAR*.

"Who painted them?" you ask. A Maryknoll Sister who, after describing herself in her application for admission to the novitiate as a housekeeper, turned out to be a creative artist. Very quickly, in fact, she proved that at the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse even an artist-in-oils can line up with the Sister who whisks up the mashed potatoes or the one who runs the mimeograph machine as a useful member of a community of missionary Sisters.

Why reprint them now? Because May is a fitting month in which to announce that Maryknoll's Sister Artist is at work on a project that will

of line and color. Each is rich in symbolism. "Our Lady of the Night," for example, reminds us that it was in the cold of night that the Virgin Mother



*Left: Our
Lady of the
Snows*



*Right: Our
Lady of the
Night*

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shortly make available to the public, both as plaques and as religious cards, an extensive series of original drawings and paintings.

During this beautiful month, when children the world over gather flowers and poets pen poems in honor of Heaven's Queen, Maryknoll herewith pays tribute to her under three of her countless titles — Our Lady of the Night, Mother of Light, and Our Lady of the Snows.

Into these paintings the artist has put more than mere beauty

brought to us the Life that is our Light. She was hidden with Christ in the dark mantle of the cross on that night when all doors were closed against her. In the light of her love we see the mantle adorned with light, as the stars illumine a night sky. Within its folds all is bright as day, radiant with the love of her Infant Son; within it she would enfold our weary world.

The beauty and balance of line revealed in the black-and-white reproductions on this page can give no hint of the full effect of the painting seen in its original coloring. In the background, an elusive blue, with under-

Copyrighted

tones of yellow, seeming to verge on green, reflects the evanescence of the sky at night. Light—most difficult of all phenomena to paint—seems to hang from the mantle of "Our Lady of the Night."

The aura that surrounds the "Mother of Light" fairly pierces the darkness. With the sun for His halo, the Light of the World sleeps on His mother's breast, and His tiny hand holds fast to a fold of her tunic, for it is through her that His light penetrates our darkness. Her path is over the moon and stars, where she passes with a sure and buoyant step, for she walks always in the light of Wisdom and Love.

"Our Lady of the Snows" symbolizes the Virgin Most Pure. Snow crystals, symbols of purity, enfold her entire figure in a mantle; they encircle her throat, and crown her queen of all that is pure. A lily design adorns the hem and sleeves of her tunic. Her halo is light with snow, and from it the light of her purity falls on the darkness of the world. The star and outer halo, bearing the cross, tell us of the presence of Him who is purity itself, thus making her the tabernacle of purity. Gabriel kneels in adoration of that Presence. She stands not idle, but walks the earth, bringing to us Purity.

These three pictures belong to a series of six Madonna paintings by a Maryknoll Sister. They are original creations—neither modernistic, in the currently accepted usage of the word, nor conventional "holy" pictures. Unmistakably American in their directness of portrayal, they represent an harmonious handling of color chords, suited to the restraint of line, with details so controlled as to give an air of simplicity. All of these elements are united in a well-constructed symbolism, which marks them as genuinely Catholic art.

"If thy heart be turned in the right



Mother of Light

Copyrighted

direction," says the *Following of Christ*, "every creature will be for thee a mirror of life, a glimpse of God." Brought down from the skies, as it were, and caught by the brush of the Sister Artist, night and light and snow reveal to us new glimpses of the divine mysteries in these Maryknoll Madonnas.

The six Madonnas have now been prepared for sale by being reproduced in color and mounted on wood plaques, glazed over by a modern process called *Pyraglas*. This finish enriches the original coloring, while the absence of glass and frame intensifies the beauty of the picture itself. Another series in black and white by the same artist pictures events in the Life of Christ. One of these will appear on the Sisters' page each month until Christmas. Only the three Madonna plaques pictured here are now on sale, but both series

Maryknoll Sister Artist at work

will be ready for Christmas, as plaques and as religious cards.

UPON Mother Mary Joseph falls the task of providing daily bread for her daughters—to say nothing of clothing, shelter, and medical care. Even though the Maryknoll Fathers and other priests under whom the Sisters work are generous in their remuneration for services rendered both at home and on the missions, nevertheless the Sisters must raise independently a great part of the funds needed for their work.

The Sisters, for example, must bear the expense of training postulants and novices. Then follows the expense of the long trip to the Orient. Finally, during a period of two years' language study, the newly missioned Sisters (except in the Kaying Vicariate) are dependent upon the Motherhouse for their support.

One dollar supports a Sister for one day. Every gift is welcome, especially the regular giving of a Maryknoll Sisters' sponsor, who undertakes to provide for a Sister's support one or more days each month.

While the Sisters' funds are raised mainly through contributions, these are supplemented by certain revenue-producing works. The newest of these is the sale of their Sister Artist's creations. The entire series will not be available until late fall, but the three Madonna plaques pictured here are now available in *Pyraglas*, the prices being \$1.75 and \$2.00. These may be ordered by addressing the Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



MAY PROCESSION IN P G



These photos of a May procession in Fushun, Manchukuo, were caught by Brother Peter at different stages of the ceremony in which hundreds joined to honor the Mother of God.

1. Crossbearer and acolytes lead the way.



2. Boys from the Primary School follow after



3. the smaller boys, while



4. young men and old chant the litanies.

PAGAN LANDS

ere
ony



5. Young Chinese women—other Marys—of the Mission's novitiate recite the rosary as



6. a little Manchu miss crowns Our Lady's statue.



7. First Communicants lead the procession through moon gate

8. curious pagans who do not yet know Our Blessed Mother look on in wonder.





A Maryknoll deacon receives his assignment for next year. Let's hope he is not disappointed.

AN "old subscriber" asks, "Why don't we hear more about the cows and chickens, the horses and the barnyard, as in the early days?"

There's a tear in our voice as we answer, "Because they just aint!" Government regulations are stringent these days, and that's as it should be. In the early days, one cow—Hibernia or her daughter Patricia—could supply all the milk that was necessary for the few residents of our hilltop, but today we number almost five hundred at Maryknoll, and gradually Hibernia and her ilk were supplanted by other heifers and their milk. That meant that we were supplying a good-sized village with cream and buttermilk; and we should have to submit to all the dairy requirements and regulations, if we were to continue. And so, when the Reverend Treasurer sep-

arated the cream from the milk, he found that it would be a saving in the long run to get our milk from bottles instead of from our own cows.

We couldn't go near the barnyard on the day the long procession of mooing cows left us for richer fields, and newcomers could not understand the honest tear which dimmed the eye on that memorable day.

MAY AT MARY'S KNOLL

"Times are altered—trade's unfeeling chain usurps the land and turns our milk to rain."

Now the barn is still—after twenty-two years—and only cats are playing in the patches of sunlight that steal into the hayloft. It is not a comforting thought that the lowing of the herd in the soft early dawn of Sunset Hill will now be supplanted at five o'clock each morning by the thundering over our rutted road of the milkman's truck. And then, again, cows didn't come around regularly, the first of each month, for their pay. That's another disturbing thought!

As for the chickens—we miss them more than the bovines; for, while cows didn't come into the dining room, there were occasions when the chickens came—on platters—and we enjoyed their presence in a wholesome way, for we knew that other eggs were being hatched out for just such festive occasions in the future. But that's all past, now, and the butcher's wagon vies with the milkman's truck in an effort to appease our pastoral nostalgia.

Please don't get us started on "the brewery-man's horses."



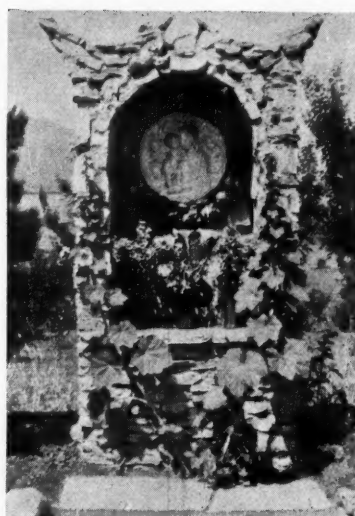
Some of the students who find our deserted barnyard too quiet visit a neighboring farm.

THE VENARD—

A MOST fascinating movement began in chant class when our music professor gave a magnificent performance of Gregorian chant with Victor recordings. The flawless artists were the Benedictine monks of Solesmes, rendering the Proper and Ordinary of the Mass in a manner we students had never before conceived. The effect of that presentation, as we followed it in the chant books, gave light and new hopes to the study of our incomparable liturgical music.

Then began the unexpected, delightful movement that upholds to a certain degree the glory and culture of The Venard. The success of the Gregorian program led to the immediate purchase by the students of a similar machine and a standard library of classical recordings for the recreation room.

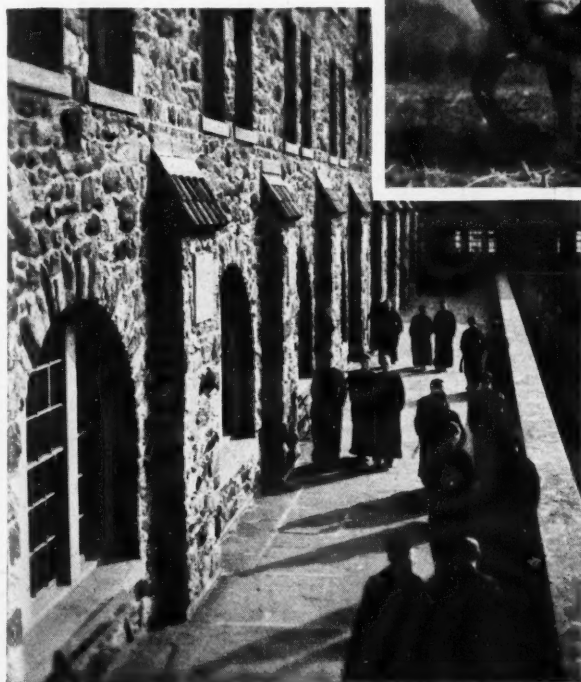
The response has been most gratifying and encouraging, since members of the faculty have evinced a kindly interest, and one of them has contributed his great collection of symphonic masterpieces. The selections include complete symphonies, various Gregorian and secular chorals, brief



May shrine at Los Altos Maryknoll



Don't get us started on the brewery man's horses.



Left: A stroll in the May sunshine between classes

orchestral works that are immortal, arias from various operas, and so forth.

Since the idea developed into reality after that introduction of recorded plain chant, it would not be entirely too fanciful to consider Gregorian chant as the foundation of our new social activity.

—V. McC

RECENTLY the Catholic Information Society, under the direction of one of our priests, came into existence at The Venard. The aim of this society is to bring to our non-Catholic neighbors of Clarks Summit and Clarks Green a true, brief, and exact view of the Catholic Church. Ultimately we hope to win many converts to the true fold. Many of our

friends have never known a Catholic and have only a warped idea of the Catholic Church and her teachings. We aim to clear these views by monthly messages.

Each student has received a list of six names and addresses and at the beginning of each month we will prepare a letter whose message will bring some truth of the Catholic Church into these homes. Once we have won friendship and sympathy, we can hope for many conversions.

—L. B.



The entrance to Little Flower Institute, Wading River, Long Island

THERE'S enough to do at home," was the complaint some years ago of the man who would do nothing for either foreign or home missions. The answer then was even as it is today, "Yes, but thank God there is an ever-growing number of zealous men at home who have realized that verity and are doing for those at home in no small measure."

In the diocese of Brooklyn, some ten years ago, the Negro problem, ever an acute one, harassed Monsignor Bernard J. Quinn. The number of Negro children abandoned, orphaned, and left homeless, within the confines of his own parish, prompted this zealous priest to build a refuge for these little ones. A spot out on Long Island was selected, where stood a frame dwelling large enough to house his first batch of orphans. "Catholic and colored" were two of the pet "peeves" of the Klan in those post-war days. Here was a fine objective for the Long Island Konklave, and the house of charity was burned to the ground. Undaunted, Monsignor Quinn rebuilt the frame structure, only to see that, too, go up in flames set by the torch of hatred.

THE third building was erected. But this time it was well back from the public road, built of brick, and surrounded by a sturdy brick wall, closed in with fine wrought-iron gates.

There some three hundred and twenty Negro orphans, boys and girls, are cared for by Sisters of the Holy

community of Negro Brothers founded by Monsignor Quinn. One hundred and twenty-five acres of land reaching to the Sound provide ample play fields for the vigorous, healthy children, while immaculate dormitories, classrooms, and refectories house them from the inclement weather. The spiritualities are provided in a long narrow chapel by Monsignor and his two curates, who come out from their busy Brooklyn parish and spend a week each with their precious charges.



Above: Choir boy

There is no income, save a court allowance for a very few of the children. The financ-

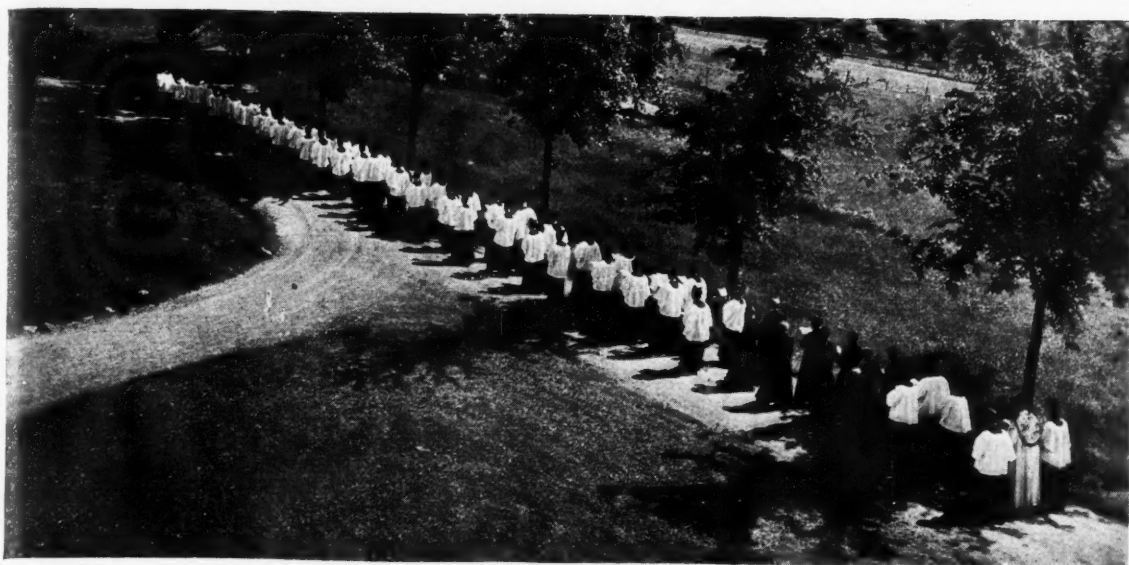
ing for land, building, and upkeep comes from Monsignor Quinn and his assistants through their parochial activities, and from limited sources of personal charity.

WITH a Negro population of some twelve million in the United States, of which number only three hundred thousand are Catholics and more than seven million have no religion at all, there are still great opportunities for those who will do something at home.

The late Bishop Walsh, Founder-General of Maryknoll, said on one occasion, "The example of our American youths going out to the pagans in the Orient will certainly draw zealous apostolic hearts to labor for the same needs at home." In Monsignor Quinn and the great number of other laborers working at home for Christ's beloved poor, this prophecy is undoubtedly being fulfilled.



Right: Angels with happy faces



Spring Festival

By Very Reverend Thomas V. Kiernan

THE Catholic ceremony of the Blessing of the Fields was originally instituted to invoke God's blessing on the crops just planted and to offer the faithful a proper substitute for the pagan ceremonies accompanying the dawn of spring.

That the spring is, as if by nature, the appointed time for the dramatization of religious fervor appears to be verified by a very ancient Chinese traditional ritual. Recognizing the restoration of fertility to the soil and the resurgence of nature from the sleepy blanket of snow, the Chinese annually performed the ceremonial ploughing of the soil to commence the farming season.

TO their minds, reverence for the soil and the husbandman reached such a high state of perfection that the emperor himself, the "Son of Heaven," on the vernal equinox set the example to his entire empire by ploughing the soil in the Temple of Agriculture in Peking. He appeared in this role, not as the august emperor nor as the captain of the great army, but as the father of his people, the chief husbandman of a race which

honored the farmer next in rank to the scholar.

Throughout the land, on the spring festival, the viceroys, the governors, and the village officials imitated the emperor in a similar ceremony.

AS late as the spring of 1900 this ritual was scrupulously followed, as evidenced by a report from Canton:

"His Excellency, the Viceroy, and all the principal Chinese officials went in court dress, by sedan chair, to the Temple of Agriculture, and worshiped the spirits of the soil and grain, after which they proceeded to a bamboo platform, richly decorated. Then came an old man leading an ox to the front of the stage, followed by two farmers carrying a pair of hoes and two sets of harrows, and twelve boys representing the signs of the zodiac. All the officials descended and assisted at the ceremony of tilling and harrowing the soil, by themselves guiding the implements and scattering the seed, while

the twelve boys sang songs to the accompaniment of music."

While to the non-Christian Chinese this feast and ceremony had a very materialistic motive, asking the spirits of heaven and earth to assist by their benign influence the realization of a rich harvest, to the missionary, whose life is spent close to the very soil so revered by his adopted brothers, this occasion symbolizes the realization of his heart-born hopes.

THE spring, to him, brings the grace of Easter, the cultivation of the soil. The sowing, the tender care, and the harvest remind him of the "sower who went forth to sow his seed"—the Gospel of Christ.

While the missionary readily acknowledges the natural beauty of even the pagan ritual of spring, he rejoices that the Gospel of the Resurrection brings to him and his flock the true understanding of nature's spring-time awakening, the message that our redemption is accomplished, and that to him is given the privilege of cooperating in the extension of its fruits in the midst of fields in which the Gospel seed of the Risen Christ has not yet been planted.

MEMORIAL DAY

is every day for those who have Perpetual Membership with Maryknoll. Masses, prayers, labors, during life and after death. Enroll your beloved dead now. See page 160.

On the Maryknoll Newsfront



The late Pope Pius XI at prayer.

MEMORABLE ROMAN DAYS—

After some fourteen years spent at mission posts of the Far East, it was the happy privilege of a Maryknoller, Reverend William A. Fletcher, to participate in the funeral cortege of the late Pope Pius XI as well as to be present at the election and coronation of the successor, Pius XII. Father Fletcher, who hails from Fall River, Massachusetts, was assigned to our Rome house in June, 1938, and his services as secretary were requested by His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda—the Congregation under whose jurisdiction are all mission societies and mission activities.

Father Fletcher, writing of the great order which is observed at the election of the Pope to insure no contact with the outside world, says: "As we alighted in the historic courtyard of St. Damasus I noticed that all the familiar doors were locked or boarded up, except the one which we were to enter. In this one door was a newly constructed, upright, revolving drum, similar to those found in cloistered communities. This, the only means of contact with outside affairs was under the supervision of sworn guards.... There were small windows in the Cardinal's room, which admitted fresh air, but through which there was no view, since the blind had been securely fastened by two

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Seminarians from various Maryknoll missions now studying in Rome. Last May they greeted our Father General there. (See page 141.)

wires sealed with lead, which bore the stamp "Conclave" on one side and "1939" on the reverse.

"It was quite as much a surprise to those who were within as it was to those outside when, scarcely twenty-four hours later, the purpose of the conclave was achieved."

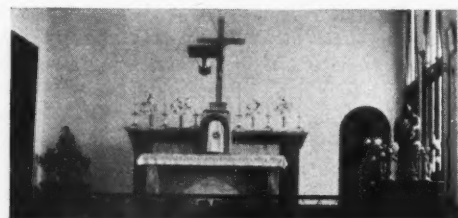
MOVING ON—

Monsignor John Romaniello, Prefect Apostolic of the newest Maryknoll Mission, Kweilin, has met many of those Chinese who were continually on the march in that

part of South China. Of one family who searched out the Catholic mission he writes: "They were from Hankow—a father and his five daughters—all Catholics. Three of the girls were suffering from sore feet. While I was getting medicine for them, the youngest daughter discovered the chapel, and sore feet were forgotten as the little group in unfeigned joy hurried to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. When they came out, the father said, "We should like to hear Mass in the morning before we move on." I knew that he meant they would have to find a place to stay for the night, but he would not ask for such help. I slipped a little money into his hand, feeling that I should be more than repaid by their prayers the next morning. This family is but one of the vast army of simple folk wandering over the land—an army without bugles, without the steady tramp of feet, but moving on from place to place, away from the horrors of battle—anywhere, but away!"

AT HOME, YET AFAR—

If an American business man becomes a convert to the Catholic Faith in his own country, it isn't considered



Interior of the Carmelite chapel at Stanley, Hong Kong—a spiritual powerhouse of South China

great news. But when one who had lived among Catholics all his life finds the pearl of great price in the Orient, it is news. Reverend George M. Daly, of West Orange, New Jersey, is director of Maryknoll, Hong Kong. On a recent feast he invited Mr. Sawyer, representative of the Texas Oil Company, to accompany him to the Carmelite chapel. "He was so impressed by the ceremony," writes Father Daly, "that he asked for instructions. He received his First Holy Communion last Sunday morning and was confirmed by Bishop Valtorta at the cathedral on the same day."

LIVING DANGEROUSLY!

It has been almost four years since a visitation has been made of the missions outlying from the center at Linkiang, northern Manchukuo. The last visitant was the late Father Gerard Donovan (see page 136). The present incumbent of that mission, Reverend Michael Henry, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, set out for the distant post

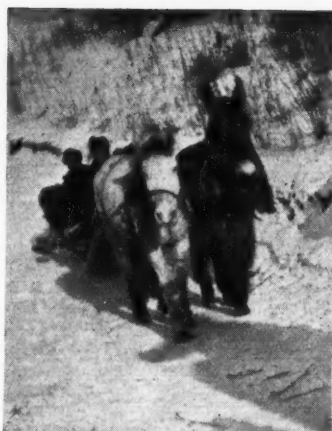
in the Chang Pai forest just before the ground hog saw his shadow. Of that journey he modestly says:

"We left Linkiang in a blinding snow-storm and took to the narrow, rough roads of the mountains, where a fractional miscalculation on the part of the drivers would send us into eternity via a deep ravine. After a hundred and twenty miles we left the road and took to the frozen Sungari River—an improvement over the heart-skippping mountain roads. It was 35° below zero, and when we reached our destination our wagons—and I suppose ourselves—looked like animated icebergs.

"The Christians were gathered at the mission, grateful beyond words that I was able to bring them the solace of religion after almost four years. This is the largest and most distant out-mission under my jurisdiction. After a little native food I began hearing confessions, which continued until well after nine in the evening.

"At Mass in the morning I reserved the Blessed Sacrament for the duration of my stay, and those who could spent most of the day in or around the church. Instructions and examinations in the doctrine took up all of the next day. That evening there were twenty-six baptisms, and the next morning twenty-five received their First Holy Communion.

"I spent eight days at this mission station—each mo-



Setting out for the Chang Pai forest before the ground hog saw his shadow

ment of which was filled with sermons, instructions, and devotions. The attending difficulties were nothing compared to the joy of these poor people.

"Three nights later when I slept in a real bed for the first time in two weeks and had some 'foreign' food, I'm afraid I enjoyed it more than would a seasoned missionary. However, I left most of my things in the Chang Pai forest, and I'm going back now for another visitation. God has been good to protect me from bandits and from the dangers of the cold weather. After all, it's His work."

MEDICATING BODY AND SOUL—

It's a long trail from Cumberland, Maryland, to Pingnam, South China, but the journey was made for the second time last year by Brother Francis, when he returned from a well-earned furlough after ten years of very active mission service in the Wuchow Prefecture. Back again, and on the job, Brother Francis writes: "Tanchuk and Pingnam have been hit with the worst malaria epidemic known in years. One village had many deaths. We gave out thousands of quinine pills, but now the supply is exhausted, and with conditions what they are it is impossible to get more. Our priests had many sick calls to the dying, but all those who received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction recovered. Those who failed to call for a priest died. Surely the age of miracles is not past."



Mercedes, now three, prays daily for Maryknollers. Her daddy, while still a youth, was sent to Notre Dame University by a Maryknoll priest of Manila. Maryknoll sponsored the youth during the course of his brilliant scholastic career. He is now a professor in the University of the Philippines.

• EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll Missioners in Eastern Asia number 433.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Peng Yang in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 65,000 Catholics (64,817 in June, 1938).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,337 adult converts from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938).

CHICAGO METHODS FOR MANCHUS—

When the new method of catechetical instruction was formulated in the Archdiocese of Chicago, the originators never dreamed that it would be put into effect in far-off Manchukuo. But Father Alonzo Escalante, pastor of the Chinese mission at Dairen, South Manchukuo, finds it just the thing for his particular problem. The young missionary writes, "Some changes had to be made to fit in with conditions and cases one meets here in the Orient, but the method has attracted much attention and will be successful in interesting many pagans in the Church."

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

MARYKNOLLERS everywhere were surprised—and delighted, of course—to find in *The New York Times* not so long ago a statement from His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, in which tribute was paid to our Society and to our co-founders.

Commenting on the splendid messages received from the United States on the death of Pius XI and later at the election and coronation of his successor, the Cardinal said:

"I am especially grateful for and pleased with the growing support for the most characteristic form of the Catholic religion, the extension of its missions, as exemplified by the growth of the Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters and many other foreign-mission activities among religious orders and congregations that have their branches in the United States.

"What the United States received in the past from missionaries of older and longer-established nations, the gift of faith, it is now well able vigorously to give other nations still unfortunate enough never to have known the blessings of Christianity and culture, which is best developed under Chris-

tian influence, or which have unfortunately lost that precious possession."

His Eminence paid special tribute to Bishop James Anthony Walsh and Father Thomas Frederick Price, co-founders of Maryknoll, "who died while establishing the first American Society for the work which is regarded by the Church as its most essential task."

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, as Apostolic Delegate to the United States from 1922 to 1933, was always deeply interested in the efforts of our young Society, and since his elevation to the position of Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, the Congregation dealing directly with Catholic missions, has continued his paternal interest. Maryknoll is humbly grateful.

PAPAL HONORS—

PAPAL honors have been conferred on four professors of the Catholic University at Peking, according to a message received from the Apostolic Delegation in that city.

Mr. Yuan, President of the University, has been accorded the title of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great with Badge. Mr. Ignatius Ying Ch'ien-li, Secretary, has

also been made a Commander of the same Order; while Mr. Edward Chang Huai, Dean of the College of Education, has been made a Knight of St. Gregory. Mr. Shen Chien-shih, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, was made a Knight of St. Sylvester at the same time. Peking's Catholic University is under the direction of the Society of the Divine Word.

KAIFENG REPORT—

FIRST complete statistics on the work for wounded and refugee relief done by the International Relief Committee in 1938 at Kaifeng are contained in an article received from Dom Francis Clougherty, O.S.B., chairman of the Committee.

During a period of almost three months the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, gave medical attention, clothing, food, and spiritual consolation to more than fifty-four thousand wounded Chinese soldiers. The terrific strain under which the missionaries worked may be seen from the fact that for a long period they were compelled to work eighteen and twenty hours a day. The priests and Sisters succeeded in baptizing fifteen hundred of the dying in Kaifeng, but many



Pope Pius XII, when Cardinal Pacelli, at Fordham University, with Bishop Spellman of Boston, Bishop Kearney of Rochester, and the Maryknoll Superior General, Bishop Walsh.

thousands of others were instructed and expressed the wish, before leaving the city, to finish their instructions and receive Baptism later.

In the fourteen camps a total of seventeen thousand panic-stricken old men, women, and children received food, clothing, bedding, medical attention, and well-grounded spiritual consolation. The medical unit, composed of three English doctors, ten professional nurses, and a corps of Sisters with nursing experience, made an excellent showing. With 15,396 refugees under their care during the three months, 11,000 were fed daily, all were vaccinated, and 42,115 medical treatments were given. Births numbered 62, deaths 59, and even in the isolation hospital only 5 out of 90 patients died. Nine hundred persons were converted to the Catholic Faith.

This splendid record is due to the intensive preparation beforehand, in which nothing was left to chance, and special credit is given also to the work of Dr. Landauer, a League of Nations specialist on epidemic prevention and sanitation.

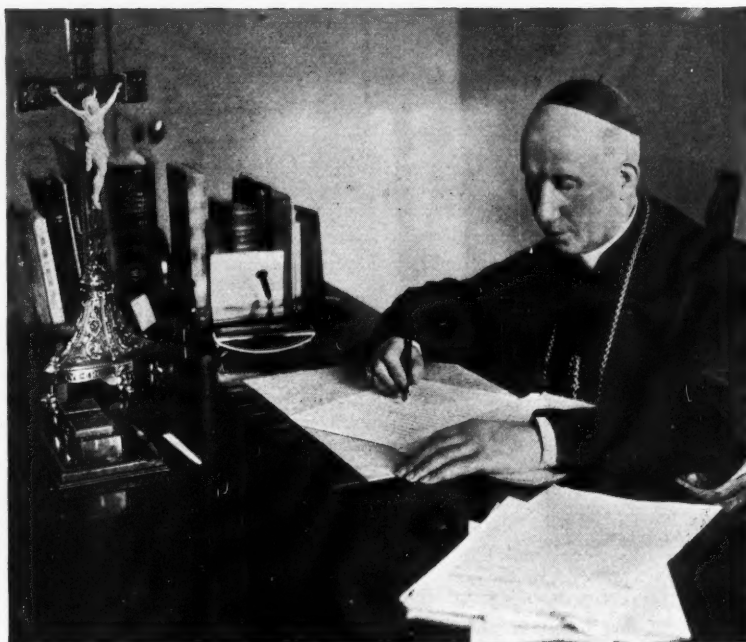
Father Clougherty says the camp-life phase of the work ceased in September, but the Committee, of which he is chairman, was immediately forced to take up flood-relief work, and this still continues.

FRENCH DEFENSE—

THE "eldest daughter of the Church" took a valiant step towards retaining such a title when the Chamber of Deputies in France founded a group of two hundred for the defense of religious missions abroad.

In the past there have been groups pledged to the defense of religious liberties, but they were composed entirely—with rare exceptions—of Catholics. The new group has some Protestants, some Freethinkers, a Jew, and even a Moslem—the only one in the French Parliament. Only the Communist Party refused to participate.

The group has agreed to call into conference representatives of mission societies and missionaries themselves. It will then consider what are the most urgent needs of the missions, one of



His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi

which undoubtedly is the reopening of additional novitiates and mission seminaries in France.

PIUS XI LEAVES A GIFT—

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, recently received from Monsignor Gonfalonieri and Venini a personal gift left by the late Holy Father, Pius XI, to the Pontifical College of Propaganda: the altar furnishings of his private chapel.

The Cardinal, accompanied by Archbishop Costantini, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, went in person to turn the precious gift over to the superiors and students of the College. With visible emotion he pointed out to them that it furnished further proof of the close personal interest taken by the late Holy Father in what in his eyes had always been the most important seminary in the world. He reminded them, too, of the memorable visit of the late Pope to their summer villa at

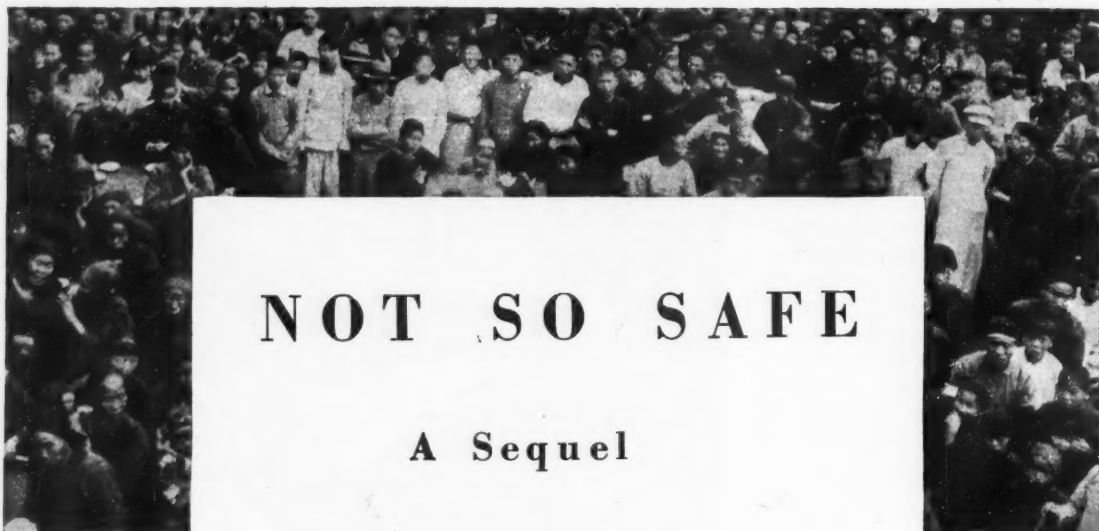
Castelgandolfo, last July, to say the Angelus with them. For the rest of their lives, he said, none of those present on that historic occasion would ever forget that Angelus.

The Cardinal Prefect then displayed the ornaments in detail. The Chinese seminarians, in particular, were intensely interested, as the various objects had all been sent from China a few years ago when Archbishop Costantini was Apostolic Delegate there. The crucifix, candlesticks, vases, bookstand, and the frames of the altar-cards, are all in vari-colored cloisonne of Peking workmanship. The vestments, of white silk embroidered in gold, had been sent to the Pope by a Chinese Catholic physician, Dr. Paul Hall, an outstanding member of Catholic Action.

This legacy to Propaganda College from the late Pius XI, of the very things he had closest to him at the most solemn moments of his life, when he was celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, was the final testimony of his deep affection for the College of Propaganda in Rome, where young men from all parts of the mission field receive their training for the priesthood in the shadow of the Vatican.

PARENTS

who cheerfully give a missionary to God have reason to expect a share of the fruits of his apostolate.



NOT SO SAFE

A Sequel

IN the February issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* Father Thomas J. Malone, of New York, in "Safe From Bullets and Swords" gave us an amazing story of Kaying's bullet-proof spirit. The spirit has, since then, been banished, and the magician exposed. This is what happened:

When the Christians told the followers of the bullet-and-sword magician that he and his followers were the work of the devil, they started something. A group of the "shakers" approached some of our Christians, demanding that the Christians pray while the others "shook" as a test to prove who had the more powerful spirit. However, the Christians saw that some of the others, having begun their ritual before approaching them, were already shaking; then, too, many of them had a wild look in their eyes, and others carried large knives; so the Christians decided they would have nothing to do with the devil worshipers. The "shakers" were so incensed at this that they entered one of our little prayer halls and tore down a picture of the Sacred Heart.

Liou Ah Tsoi was the leader of this group, and from this one instance he drew courage for an event that was the undoing of all the "shakers" and their magician teacher. A few days after the picture incident, he went to visit the Yee family, boasting of the power of his magic and volunteering to give them a demonstration.

Accordingly he went through his incantations, and his body began to shake and quiver. At this point he called for someone to take up one of the big knives and try to slash him. No one would do it, although Ah Tsoi kept telling them not to be afraid. Finally one of the young men, tired of the other's boasting, took the big horse knife, and, to the consternation of all, the slash went deep and Ah Tsoi "burst asunder."

They carried him home, where a doctor sewed up the incision with an old needle and some fibres of hemp. He's still living and has half a chance of pulling through. When the other "shakers" heard of this they became frightened, and our Christians lost no opportunity of reminding the pagans that that's the way the Lord of Heaven punishes those who insult Him.

The elders of the village, parents and older brothers of the "shakers," came to apologize for the picture incident and asked me to mete out a

penance for the offenders. On account of Ah Tsoi's accident, I was able to let them off with a light punishment.

The offenders had to set off six rolls of firecrackers, which would take up not less than fifteen minutes. The neighbors would be sure to hear this quarter-of-an-hour demonstration and understand that no one can desecrate the Church's property with impunity. After the fireworks the offenders were required to bow before the holy picture three times, in order to repair the insult done to the Lord of Heaven. So, for the time being, the Christians feel very much elated over this evidence of the superior power of the Lord of Heaven.

The sequel to Ah Tsoi's almost being cut in two is rather amusing. The injured man accused the magician of withholding a part of the magic formula, thus preventing him from being unfailingly invulnerable. The magician was clapped into jail, and on the last market day was made to parade the streets dressed as a buffoon. Around his neck was a placard bearing a legend which brought much ridicule upon him from the crowded streets: "I am a teacher of a magical cult that injures and deceives people and causes them to be blinded by superstition."

Ah Tsoi, hovering between life and death, tells his visitors there is no safety from bullets or swords.

VOLUNTEERS

in the army of Christ are needed today more than ever. An enemy "not of flesh and blood" is killing immortal souls, every minute.

Will you fight? The sword is the Cross of Christ; the field is the Orient. Only a few friends and God will back you. The price—sacrifice, denial, separation in this life; immortal glory in the next.

CATHOLIC PEKING

THE Imperial Palace, the Temple of Heaven, and the Forbidden City are places usually connected with any mention of Peking, North China. In the following article Reverend William Kaschmitter, of Cottonwood, Idaho, gives us a new—a Catholic—view of the ancient city. Father Kaschmitter is a member of the Synodal Commission at Peking's Apostolic Delegation, and editor of the mission news service "Lumen."

"If China had one of the world's oldest civilizations, Peking was the heart thereof. It was the university city, the center of learning, the flower of its culture, the model of all its perfection. Even your ricksha puller will tell you of its glory, and tell you that Peking's language is the model for all the land."

"For us 'Catholic Peking' is unique in that it was an archdiocese first, then a diocese, and finally a vicariate. Franciscans had plodded their weary way here across a continent shortly after the hordes of Genghis Khan invaded Europe, and one of them was

made archbishop early in the fourteenth century. Dynastic changes and persecution brought ruin, and the mission was not restored until about 1600 when Father Ricci, S.J., established himself here after more than fifteen years of trials and setbacks. A diocese was established in 1690, and this, after further centuries of trials, was changed into a vicariate in 1856.

"In the Chala cemetery, a plot of ground just outside the walls was given to the Jesuits by the Emperor for the burial of Father Ricci, founder of the modern missions in China. Here lie buried many of China's greatest Catholic heroes. A great regional seminary is there now, and connected with the seminary is the Chapel of the Martyrs, so-called because the names of over six thousand martyrs of Boxer Days (1900) are engraved around its marble walls. There is a well there, too, which was filled to the brim with the bodies of martyrs in 1900—and has since been filled in with earth and marked with a marble slab in memory of the victims.

"The Vicariate of Peking is now

entrusted to the French Vincentians, who are assisted by over one hundred Chinese priests. The city alone has six large churches, three hospitals conducted by Sisters, and between ten and fifteen thousand Catholics. The total population is well over a million. Because Peking is what it is, several mission societies, such as the Franciscans, Jesuits, and Scheut missionaries, have established language schools for their newly arrived missionaries. One of the most important Catholic institutions here is the Catholic University, conducted by the Society of the Divine Word.

"Various sisterhoods are established here also as apostles of charity and education, notably the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the Holy Spirit, and Franciscan Sisters. It's a treat to go to the orphanage conducted by the Sisters of Charity at the cathedral, where over twenty thousand orphans have been cared for in what is one of the greatest institutions of charity in Asia. The Catholic side of Peking has too seldom been emphasized. May its glorious history continue in greater conquests for souls!"



A Chinese painting of the reception given to Father John of Montecorvino (1247-1328) by the Emperor of China, at Khambalik (Peking)

Among Our Friends—

PRIEST FRIENDS—

WE have often been reminded that our priest friends in this country are among our best friends. A recent evidence of this fact was the following letter from a Brooklyn priest: "The enclosed check for five hundred dollars is a stringless contribution from our Mission Article Stand. This is the first of the proceeds from religious articles sold in our church, and we feel that no one is more deserving than our good friends 'up the river.' Our regards and good wishes accompany this small offering."

There's nothing "small" about either the offering or the heart of such friends. God prosper them in their own difficult endeavors!

Ohio, likewise, sends a priestly word: "Please renew my subscription for six years. I do hope that industrial conditions will improve, for if the people in this country—the land overflowing with abundance—are suffering, what must be the condition in pagan lands, torn by strife, famine, and plague. May the God of all give you the courage to carry on."

And may He be your reward, Father, exceeding great!

MARYKNOLL-IN-CINCINNATI has been made possible by the good will and unbounded generosity of His Excellency, Archbishop McNicholas, who from his days as a young priest in Rome has been interested in Maryknoll. On his kind invitation our Junior Seminary in Cincinnati was set up on the grounds of St. Gregory's Preparatory Seminary, where our students have been trained.



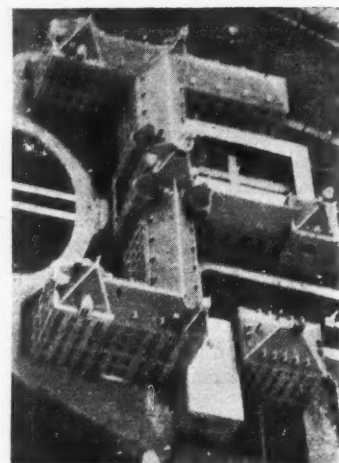
Cathedral, Cincinnati

who have all contributed generously in furthering our work to a great degree.

DUNWOODIE—OUR NEIGHBOR—

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, of the New York archdiocese, popularly called Dunwoodie, has been a part of Maryknoll since our earliest days, when two lone theologians went there daily for classes at a time when Maryknoll had no doctors of theology. Since then, the students of Dunwoodie and Maryknoll exchange visits several times each year for baseball and basketball games, and a splendid interest in the cause of missions has developed.

The New York seminarians have established a Dunwoodie Burse at Maryknoll, which has, through the efforts of their spiritual director, Rev. Francis X. Shea, almost reached the \$5,000 mark. Everyone knows that seminarians are proverbially poor; that St. Joseph's has been able to contribute so generously to the support of a Maryknoll student spells great love and great sacrifice.



Seminary, Dunwoodie

PURGATORIAL INSURANCE

RECENTLY the editor of a magazine was given a life subscription to another periodical (not THE FIELD AFAR). Following is his comment:

"We have just been given a 'life subscription' to a magazine. As long as we live, this magazine will come in the mail every Thursday—as regular as clockwork, as regular as the icy little drops of water that used to fall on men's heads in the torture chamber, finally driving them crazy. Except for insurance, we know of nothing so gloomily calculated to give a man the conviction of his own mortality. There is something very bleak in the thought that in an office not far away a young lady is patiently and indifferently waiting for our end, and that someday, late or soon, she'll make the little entry that means the account is closed and the magazine can stop coming to our house. We shall never shell this magazine out of its wrapper without wondering how often we shall do so again; we shall never begin a continued story in it without wondering if we'll live to read the end."

How much better off is a Life Subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR! No card-index vulture waiting for you to die,

The Month's Prize Letter

Dear Father,

My son, aged twenty, recently graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical School and is at present serving as an able seaman on board the Motorship T.... He is now somewhere in the extreme Orient and is not due back home again until sometime in April. He has already been interested in Maryknoll and in the splendid work your missionaries are doing. He always declared that as soon as he had some work he would begin to support a missionary for one day.

Today, his first allotment of salary was forwarded to me, and I am, accordingly, sending you his first two offerings, for the months of February and March. He will take care of further allotments himself, when he returns in April.

Incidentally, I express a father's pride and pleasure that my boy has been so minded. I am sure that this good work to which he has voluntarily committed himself will secure for him many blessings and protect him while he is following the sea.

C.N.—Massachusetts

but a world-wide group of priests saying Mass for you every Friday, even after you die; reaching into Purgatory to help you. No "torture chamber," this Life Subscription (fifty dollars, payable in small amounts) to THE FIELD AFAR, but really, as someone recently described it, "Purgatorial Insurance."

MORE WANTS—

MARYKNOLL'S infant Mission, Kweilin, in South China, was separated from the Wuchow Prefecture in 1938 and made an independent Prefecture. Still in its swaddling clothes, the Benjamin of our seven Missions, while just about learning to creep, is faced with a series of problems which might prove fatal to another youngster.

So we have decided to expose Kweilin's development pains, which, at present, are much more acute than those in any of our other fields. This is what the infant Mission needs:

In Kweilin City

Center house for priests.....	\$5,000
Central Mission church.....	8,000
Maryknoll Sisters' convent....	1,500
Dispensary	200
One country chapel.....	100

In Tung An

Land	\$1,000
Rectory	1,500
Men's catechumenate.....	1,000
Women's catechumenate.....	1,000
Dispensary	200

In Yungfu

Seminary probatorium.....\$1,000

Are you in a position to still some of these cries?



HA-MA-HO—

THIS combination church and rectory at Ha-Ma-Ho, Manchukuo, was built by the Mission Relief, Brooklyn. The simple construction of native brick and tile has little in the way of external ornamentation, but it houses the Eternal God and His minister, who has already drawn hundreds of pagan souls to the knowledge and love of God.

Charity made this mission possible. The prayers of all the converts who find the Prince of Peace here will long reward the donors.

There is need of other such buildings in the missions. See the Want Ad column at the right of this article.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Buildings Wanted

A rectory for the new mission station of Fac Paat, Kongmoon Vicariate, could be erected for \$1,000, and then the present incumbent could give up his hay-loft apartment.

Wanted: \$2,000 for mission building at Mampo, Korea—a fine investment in whole or in part.

For Kyoto Mission, Japan, a building to serve as rectory. \$3,000 is needed.

\$650 will supply a convent for the Maryknoll Sisters in a mission of the Kaying Vicariate. The amount is small, but the need is great.

As little as \$750 will build a chapel at Tung Hua in the Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

On the other hand, it will require \$5,000 (much more difficult to find, perhaps) for Monsignor Byrne to build a large church in the Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

Ten gifts of \$15 each, for the monthly support of 50 (count them!) catechists in the Wuchow Mission.

Twenty gifts of \$3 each per month, for the support of twenty native Sisters in the Kongmoon Vicariate.

Chinese boys studying for the priesthood in the Fushun, Manchukuo Mission are each looking for support at \$3 a month.

Opportunities Capital Wanted

Wanted: partner with capital who will supply \$300 to enable Bishop Ford to bring all his catechists together for their annual retreat. The partner merely supplies the three hundred; Bishop Ford will do the rest. Dividends—eternal!

The Korean Mission of Peng Yang needs a new mission for Father Duffy, who is living in a woodshed while ministering to his new flock. \$1,000 will tear Father Patrick away from the woodpile.



A Quiz

"Could you answer?" asks Father Allie, a Korean Maryknoller from Two Rivers, Wisconsin.

AT the mission center, every Sunday morning after the last Mass, there is a "quizz period." Though as yet I am able to understand only a little, I appreciate the zeal and earnestness with which the examination in doctrine is carried on.

Here, for instance, is an old woman struggling through the "Old Folks' Catechism," made especially simple for such as she. Seated beside her is her husband, who has passed his examination long ago with flying colors. He is waiting to be baptized with his wife on Christmas. Across from me is a bright young man who has almost finished the course. He goes through the questions and answers without hesitation and understands what he is reciting. There are others of varying grades of mental acumen; some who falter and forget the answers but who, with a little prompting, carry on bravely. There's a young mother with her baby, who applies herself earnestly and recites modestly but correctly the few questions and answers she has learned during the week.

The quiz is a public affair. The room crowded, not only with those being

examined in the doctrine, but with the Christians who stand around listening to the recitations. They show their interest by nodding approval as each individual answers correctly; they are always ready to prompt, if necessary. At the end of each recitation they join in the good work. The progress of each one is carefully re-

corded, and the missionary can thereby judge when each is ready to be admitted to the sacrament of Baptism.

Then there is the annual examination of all the Christians in the mission. It means a lot of work for the priest, but he gets to know his Christians very well in this way. It doesn't take him long to tell whether they have progressed or grown lukewarm in the Faith. It is wonderful to see them come even when the weather is such as to keep any but the most intrepid indoors. They appear proud to answer the questions put to them. I listened to a young man who came to the mission in a chilling rain. Although the roads were practically impassable he would not neglect his obligation of reciting the catechism to the pastor. He works long hours until late in the evening, but before going home to his frugal meal he came to the mission. He is a splendid type. In another year or so this young man will be working for the Church as a catechist!

When I listened to these groups it occurred to me that results would be obtained if at home we tried this mission method. But then, the American people might be either afraid or ashamed to be quizzed in public. But not the Korean! He has the simplicity of a child—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!



YOU can pour the waters of salvation.

YOU can walk over the hills and through the valleys, preaching Christ.

YOU can share a missionary's reward.

Be a SPONSOR—a missionary—for at least one day this month.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me a Support-A-Missioner ten-dime card.
Send cards for friends.

Name

Address

☐ I shall be happy to do this each month.

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

PRESS SECTION

GENTLEMEN—and ladies—of the press, writers of feature articles, editors and assistant editors of school papers: Mission Education Bureau incorporates a news syndicate to which you are cordially invited to subscribe. Fee? Merely a request in writing will bring this service to your door, or mailbox, via Uncle Sam's messenger.

The material supplied by this agency consists primarily of a weekly letter written by a missionary in the Orient, relating his actual experiences on the field.

Ex-PRESS-ly for Your Paper Since nearly every State in the Union has contributed to the Maryknoll personnel, at least some one of these letters will be of local interest to your readers—and all of them will tend to awaken world-wide interest in the missions. Special articles and news items supplement the weekly letters, and photographs may also be supplied.

Although the incidents related by our missionaries are human-interest stories, and sometimes reflect the more serious side of life with which they come in contact, more often the Merry-knoller discovers the humorous note, and makes a lively tune with it.

Through the medium of the press, you have the means at your disposal of impressing upon the minds of hundreds of readers one of the true marks of the Church—

Im-PRESS your Readers its catholicity—its appeal to all men, regardless of race or color. Yours, the apostolate of the written word—yours, the privilege of spreading the Faith by making known the activities and growth of the Church in distant lands, and the faithful's responsibility for continuing that growth.

When next your paper goes to press
Do not the mission news repress.

LITERATURE SECTION

BOOKWORMS never seem to get fed up on their bookish diet, although they are not averse to adding new and unfamiliar items to their ever-lengthening menu. Here is a terrible truth: many innocent but inhibited bookworms are even now blithely unconscious of a most substantial and tasty literary food not yet present on their library shelves. In many homes books, pamphlets, and other literature on apostolic themes are either in the minority or totally absent.

Diets, even the literary kind, begin to pall, even on

bookworms, if variety is lacking. If only to meet such an epicurean need, we recommend adding mission literature to your reading diet. But there is a more

Diets urgent reason for flavoring the bookworm's diet with apostolic spices. An important mental and spiritual vitamin—the practical Vitamin A (Apostolate)—found predominantly only in mission literature, is needed to preserve the apostolic, Catholic vigor of the modern, healthy bookworm and to build up possible jaded bookworms. Mission literature gives an intelligent zest to the apostolic Catholic Action of the bookworm.

Vitamin values in the literary diet are present in many types of books. The apostolic vitamin—Vitamin A—comes to the bookworm in mission books especially. To

Vitamin Values name just a few apostolic literary vitamins from our Maryknoll Bookshelf: *Father McShane of Maryknoll*, *Grey Dawns and Red*, *In the Homes of Martyrs*, contain Vitamin B (Biography); *Maryknoll Mission Letters I and II* and *The Maryknoll Movement* contain Vitamin C (general apostolic Classification); *Bluegowns* contains Vitamin D (Dease's Dramatic mission stories).

Health of the mental variety is essential to the bookworm. Make it 100% by incorporating apostolic literature into your stream of consciousness. Bookworm, look to your Vitamin A!

ENTERTAINMENT AND EXHIBIT SECTION

ALL the world's a stage," and fortunately many of you young men and women are not merely players. There are those among you whose special gifts equip you for other important roles, all essential to a successful production. Managers are in demand for the staging, the props, the lighting effects; there are the ushers and ticket agents. With a play, there's fun and plenty of it for everyone; not only fun, but gain.

For instance, choose a mission play, and, whether you are the leading character or a scene shifter, you can still be the hero. Just do your own part as well as you possibly can, with zeal for souls. **For the Play-Boy (and Girl)** Therein lies the secret of your success. Don't listen for the applause—the flapping of angels' wings is noiseless, but it attracts the eye of the Divine Audience in your direction.

When next you are in a play-ful mood, write to the Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau for a catalogue, which gives a synopsis of about forty plays written by our missionaries.

This same department offers to teachers and leaders of church groups a choice of nine small mission exhibits.



AT DAY'S END

you will be grateful for perpetual suffrages—Masses, prayers, and sacrifices offered by Maryknoll missionaries and their converts for you and your family as Perpetual Members. Write for our easy-payment plan.

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

FATHER McSHANE OF MARYKNOLL

*By James E. Walsh,
M.M., D.D.*

A biography of Maryknoll's first ordained. "He was never to build a church or write a book, but he was to make both worth doing, and that is infinitely better."

\$1.10

BLUEGOWNS

By Alice Dease

These tales of the Chinese missions are true ones, related to the author by missionaries actually in the mission field.

\$1.50

GREY DAWNS AND RED

By Marie Fischer

A new life of Theophane Venard, for boys and girls of adolescent age, published last month by Sheed and Ward. The friendship of the hero and his sister Melanie echoes like laughter through this story of apostolic adventure.

\$1.25

THE MARYKNOLL MOVEMENT

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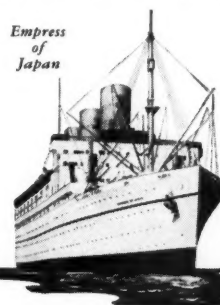
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